

Marion

Saturday 19th Arrived at Juliette Well c. 5.00 pm. Settled in
- felt a bit nervous - will cope with the physical
side - walking / excavating. But lots of v. welcoming
people whom I know from previous years - Patrick,
Faye, Cliff.

Sunday 20th First day on Bodmin. It rained heavily
during the night & was still stormy when we set
out - I didn't expect it to be wet / windy - &
it was great when the weather turned out well.

On the walk to the site I trailed behind -
strange sensation when you lose sight of people
& suddenly find yourself 'alone'. It's exhilarating
but also a bit frightening.

Met Don (had left with him) - a first year at UWA.
I've not seen him around the Institute.

Excavated LB E 2 with Faye; ~~done~~ taking
turf off and then peat layer. slow work,

People come by several times during the day -
comments: "Have you found anything interesting
yet?" "Why do you use such small tools?"
(I sometimes wonder myself). "Why are you
doing this?" (not always easy to explain).

~~Thurs~~

People are friendly & interested - but usually also quite bemused.

Planning evening - I feel 'out of doors' again.
Good.

Gerry dropped in on his way back from Head's End. He is enthusiastic (as always) about my possible walk around the Leet/wall junction - and thinks I can easily do 4 sections rather than just one in the time available. Perhaps? I'm really pleased that Sue has found me something of my own to do - I only hope I can do something reasonable - but it's exciting.

Monday 21st Spent day at LBE 2 - Wall + entrance section - taking off peat. Slow, careful work - at times boring & at times totally absorbing. Met at Rising Sun on way back. Faye, Sharon, Ken + Tanya and, late,

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Frida, went up to Leskenich to watch
+ Patrick
the summer solstice. I came back with
Barbara to the Corow Path - she is always
good to talk to - has a great skill with
people. Beautiful evening - in some
ways I regretted not going back up but
enjoyed being a carefree too.

Tuesday 22nd

More clearing of the wall to prepare for
photography. I can't help feeling that
archaeology can be a bit precious
sometimes - lots of time spent on
preparing trenches methodically when so
much remains to be excavated.

Day started well with a site tour from
Sue. I like her explanations - clear,
with lots of interpretation based on
looking at / thinking about the evidence -
+ also explaining why particular trenches

are safe where they are
Evening meeting at Allman church
Hill. Base door & wine shambles
looked like a fortress —
but the meeting was showable.
Who else expected? Certainly not the
audience — it was like a temple
& perhaps temple that should
have been built —
Hans' influence was overwhelming —
Worshipper in standard — posture
"He did not say he
made any shame in the town.
All the Edison — throughout the
city dropped some oil along
the way to a cesspool sewer.
They were angry, as some down back

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spoke well, & I thought the exhibition
was great - though very intense,
possibly too compact, & with too
many words.

Some very interesting people there - I
liked the man from the wildlife Trust
& his account of taking his
daunting wife up Farkenich - he
was clearly ~~so~~ skeptical about
her skills.

Robin —, a local artist, was
good to talk to. Interesting that she
appears to think Cornwall is not England.
I agree about leaving Bodmin unchanged,
though for different reasons from many of
the audience (a bit of middle-class
N. E. B.Y. going on, I think).

No 'genie' names there.

Archaeologists mostly left early &

Chi T. again contradicts himself: modern people
think differently from B.A. people - yet he can
totally identify stones by smell & taste.

No one
I really like her daughter
paint. 6

generally ~~against~~ disgruntled by the
episode - several said they were
'cornered'.

I ~~had~~ my car companions stayed
until the end - I would have liked the
chance to talk more to some of
the people there.

It is good having contact with local
people ^{while} doing archaeology on past
communities in same area - but little continuity
I felt there was little if any link between present & past
people.

Wednesday 23rd

Strange day: light drizzle, very little wind, quiet &
sleepy.

Continued clearing & the task levels. Letter made a
welcome change from removing soil from cracks in
rocks!

We went straight back to Comelford - food,
drink & bed.

Thursday 24th

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Beautiful day & wonderful walk to Bonwick. We come this way everyday & I always get left behind on the last hill climb up Leskennich. I like this as I like making the final approach on my own. Today I walked up to the quiet & took some photos.

It is still a weird feeling when no other person is in sight - isolated & desorienting. I was thinking today that something of our strong sense of mystery & magical isolation comes from the fact that it is now a landscape of stone. In the past, people might not have had such a strong sense; walls, substantial structures, people, home & security would have combined to make it a much more intimate experience than we have today. I do think that this ~~T~~ ^{is} (especially) + lots of us are so strongly affected by the area just because it is so without domestic reference points & ~~modern~~ urban life.

Started "my" track - its in a beautiful position - calm & pastoral (as a fine day like today) with one bare Hawthorn tree as a lynch spot. My best day on Leskennich so far.

Evening at the Party of the two Andrews - I've never seen any one get so drunk so ~~fast~~ quickly before - & then remain upright (more or less) & active through the evening

Stayed up till quite late in the bar - lots of music, drink & dancing.

Friday 25th

Day off. Slept in, caught up with field notebook & then ate breakfast, as I had met with Gary, Faye & the two Andrews. Went shopping - Bought a pair of large secondhand boots from the charity shop + hedge for the children - it's odd doing that - I feel worlds apart from London + family life.

Lazy day: gossip, talking & sitting around drinking tea.

Saturday 26th

Beautiful with her boutiques. Went up to Quoit for a while.

Good to get back to the beach - ~~it was~~ it was still there, though the sheep & had disturbed the section line.

Quiet purposeful day, with Faye working with me most of the time.

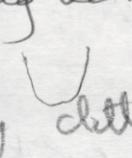
I often look across at the remains of the 6

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Medieval long house by the river - I wonder about
its occupants, & ~~the~~ think often labouring to build
the best - it's a major work of construction.
These lives must have been hard - ? what
illnesses are associated with this setting?

Increasingly the environmental usefulness of my
finds is emerging - the possibility of comparing
2 sealed land surfaces. It makes me
interested / frustrated - I'd like to know more
about sequences / dates, & to be able to fit
this information into a wider picture of
soil / site formation. This aspect
is often apparently overlooked ~~or~~ on the dig
- no, not overlooked but rather submerged
in the phenomenological / ritual / landscape
approach.

Sunday 27th

Another a lovely day, with sharp bursts of rain.
At one point I wondered why I was doing this!
Went to walk along bank after lunch - it
is beautifully formed  shape in places where
it is not distorted by litter. It reminds me still
of drainage canals.

Wednesday 30th

(10)

Didn't get round to doing a diary for the last 2 days -
~~the~~ I'm finding that keeping up with my field notebook
(+ a first attempt at some context sheets) seems as much
as I can do in the evenings. I've decided to leave the
context sheets (their writing - I've got notes) until
after the section drawing is complete.

I've done lots of walking and thinking over the last few
days - along tracks, walls etc - but I'm still far
from feeling I really "know" Laskenide - it's the
sort of place that will always surprise, I think.
Our caravan (I share now only with Katia) has a great
view of the hills + who goes past to the bar/
telephone.

Chris Tilley goes by every evening to the phone
box - at slightly different times between
7.30 & 8.30, and it's become a bit of a joke
with us - our only chance of seeing him!

Thursday 1st July

I take back the bit about not seeing Chris T.!
He ate at the Rising Sun with us last night,
having joined in the bucket line to all the pub. I

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Also, he went to the bar at the camp site late on & invited people back to his caravan for a party which went on until 2 am.

I still think the two aspects of the Project - archaeology + anthropology sit poorly together in excavation survey at terms of the Projects framework.

Today was a hard day for me on site. It started with rain/wind/thick mist & I lost my sense of direction walking up Lescarich from Bonithik. ~~Spent~~ Spent quite a while walking around - in a circle once, as I walked past the same stone area - my ~~to~~ 'meeting place' as I like to think of it, where the bedrock forms a natural backdrop to an almost Roman style area. I finally found my sense of direction by climbing up to the Quoit - & which gives a clearer view from it than one would think from working on the hill, where it is usually invisible. I got quite cold & wet & found it difficult to make the necessary alterations to my sections drawing in the

driving rain. Ended day ¹² ~~back~~ backfilling — felt a sense of disappointment as the section 'was become almost indistinguishable from the rest.'

To be an archaeologist requires a lot of patience & attention to detail as well as stamina!

I was shocked by one episode today. So far, people generally (eg SH. & M.S.T.) ~~had~~ & hence myself, have referred to the date of the last construction as '? medieval'. Gary L. said it was today in passing that it was unlikely to be medieval; the longhouses on the moors are associated with herding. Farming was more likely to be an 18/19th century activity.

Medieval or 19th? Quite a difference. A reminder of the fragility of interpretation when derived from a lack of evidence.

Friday 3rd

An 'office day' to me — I finished off the section plan + context sheets. In the afternoon I went into Carmarthen to find an A3 copier — and was diverted in turn from one shop to another — 5 times — the solicitor's desk, for example, sent me to the shop next door — whose owner said he didn't

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have a photocopied - the previous owner who left some years ago had had one. A reminder of how slow moving & 'non-London' ~~people~~ local people can be.

I cleared my animal bones & started packing. It seems strange to think of going back to London & the family - another world.

It's been a good excavation & a great learning experience to me - the ~~first~~ first time I've been able to assume some responsibility and actually think things through. So far, because of the family I have only ever been able to join digs for a short time & so have never done anything more than doing (often clearing up) what I was asked to do - ~~with the~~ ~~so~~ so ~~with the~~ ~~so~~ so at least I have had the chance to look at stratigraphy & interpret. I've made some mistakes but learnt a lot.

Just the final party to go, now, and then back to family life.

Feel ~~a little~~ a little ~~too~~ sad but also satisfaction with what I've been able to achieve physically & in practical terms. I shall miss Leskenneth - a place

I am slowly getting to know — but I'm not
sure if I'll come back to visit it on a
casual "tourist" basis — I'd miss having a trowel
in my hand.